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THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

BY A L A D Y.

" Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my virtue,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken." SHAKESPEARE.

WE are the inheritors of sorrow; and he who has not felt that, knows not the native grandeur of his soul. It is not, when reclining on the voluptuous couch of prosperity, that we feel we are more than earth: It is when adversity drags us from the blandishments of pleasure, that the immortal spirit within us exerts her power; revealing, to our astonished eyes, the gorgeous magnificence of the splendid world, in all its intrinsic littleness and folly; and, leading us into the rugged path of life, shews us how to prove ourselves worthy of immortality, by undauntedly combating the oppoling powers of vice, malice, and misfortune. The satellites of riches naturally tend to harden the heart, and make it indifferent to the happiness of any but itself. Led early in life into the gay garden of pleasure, where a bright sun for ever blazes in the sky: where nature and art unite in closest concord to render the scene beautiful, and bewitching to the senses: the magnificent stores of the east are poured before them; the most sumptuous garments of the world, are thrown at their feet; their board is loaded with the most delicious viands, served in dishes of refulgent gold and silver; Arabia wafts her most spicy gales to revive them, and Harmony warbles her most entrancing sounds to soothe them into rest: they feel of a race superior to the chances of fortune; and, swelled with their "high-blown pride," they spurn the supplicating son of misery from their gates. They have not an idea of his sorrows, therefore they know not how to pity them. But let him turn from the mansion of "swilled insolence," to that of temperance and misfortune; there he will find the softened soul of a brother ready to sympathize in his woes, and to pour the assuaging balm of comfort into his breaking heart.

A man thus rendered poor by the mischances of life, and unhappy by the unkindness and ingratitude of those who stiled themselves his friends, struggles against the storm—if he has a wife or children to protect—till, overcome with exertion, he sinks into the arms of his maker, a martyr to his affection and his virtue. But, if he be alone on the earth, he retires to some deep solitude; and there, in the conversation of his books and heaven, he hears the words of the dead applaud him for his seclusion from the temptations of a dishonourable world: religion will shed her glories around his head; and, meliorating his mind to a pensive resignation, will sublime his soul to such a purity, that when he dies, all he has to resign of earth, is breath. This mild composure of the mind, is what Beattie means when he exclaims—

" Ah! what is mirth, but turbulence unholy;
When with the charm compar'd, of heavenly melancholy!"

On thy soft bosom, pensive Queen, the widowed matron rests her sorrowing head: thou hearest her earnest vows of faithful widowhood; thou wipest the scalding tears from her sad eyes, and sootheest her into peace. To thee, also flies the unhappy maid, who breathes a hopeless love, wandering amid the mazes of solitude, far from the world, and the dear object of her fond affection, she subjugates the wild agonies of her passion to thy mild influence: a tender philanthropy, fills her breast; by rendering others happy, she heals the bleeding wounds of her lacerated heart! Though, sometimes, the sigh of tender recollection will heave her bosom; a tear to her luckless fate will tremble in her eye; and her disappointed heart sicken at the illusive happiness of the world; yet, in the shades of retirement, she breathes the prayer of resignation; becomes the protectress of the afflicted; and dies the death of a saint. Thus, "Virtue is like some perfumes, which are most fragrant when burnt or bruised: for Prosperity best discovers Vice, but Adversity, Virtue!"

A WISE FOOL.

WHEN Francis the first, King of France, was to march his army into Italy, he consulted with his captains how to lead them over the Alps. Amonil his fool lying hid in a corner, sprang out, and advised them rather to take care which way they should bring them back again!

HISTORY OF
DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from page 139.)

IN the mean time, Don Sebastian, who for more than ten days, in which all these things had happened, heard not the least news, but by the interrogatories which had been put to him, judging that his death was certain, could not conceive the reason that both his friends and enemies seemed to have so forgot him: in the whole course of his imprisonment, he had felt no inquietude but for Elvira, and what was become of her; but not doubting that her flight was only to preserve herself for him, he grieved not much at being ignorant of her retreat, since he imagined his rival equally so, and that he would not receive any advantage from the sentence he should cause to be pronounced against him. He admired her constancy, her fidelity, her resolution, and speaking to himself, as though she had been present, thanked her a thousand times in a day for the proof she gave him of her tenderness, and said, he was content to die, since he was certain, she would never give herself to the arms of another.

But when the time was elapsed, in which he expected they would determine either for his liberty or death, he began to be agitated with more disturbed emotions; he thought it the utmost severity of fate to send him from the world, without knowing something of the condition of Elvira: he tried all manner of ways to tempt the guards to suffer a Valet de Chambre, who was the only person permitted to stay with him, to go out; but their orders were so strict, that nothing would prevail; and when he asked them any questions concerning himself, or what they heard people say concerning his adventure and confinement, they either answered not at all, or in such a manner, that he could make nothing of what they spoke; and this reserve, which he easily perceived was affected, making him imagine something worse than death was intended for him, threw him into agitations such as required all his courage to endure, without being guilty of any word or action that could be termed extravagant.

He was in this cruel uncertainty and suspense, when, on the twentieth night of his imprisonment, and the first of the marriage of Elvira, he heard his chamber door open, and immediately saw his mother Donna Catharina de Mendocce enter, preceded by a great number of flambeaux, and followed by four of his nearest kindred.

"My son," said she, giving him her hand, "the king is made sensible of your innocence, and is pleased to restore you to your liberty; follow me, and I will inform you of the rest in a place less dreadful." Suza, whom the discontents of his mind would not suffer to sleep, was not in bed, and required little preparation to obey her; he made no other reply than a low bow, and with an air that testified more of surprize than joy at this sudden turn of fate, went with her into her coach, and the others accompanied them on horse-back. But they had not gone far before perceiving that they took a way which conducted them out of the town, "where is it you carry me, Madam," said he? "Am I to hear nothing of Elvira? Why is not Don Pedro with you? Do they

"know where we are going? Shall we find them at the place to which you are conveying me?" "Don Sebastian," replied his mother, "you shall know all these things in time; but I cannot satisfy you entirely, till we are arrived at the county seat of my brother Don Lewis de Mendocce: it is there we are going; content yourself till then, with being informed that Elvira is well, at Lisbon, and that it is to her alone you owe your life. Important reasons, which you will be soon acquainted with, oblige you to leave the city for some time. This is all I can tell you at present, but calm your inquietudes, give a truce to your curiosity, and disturb not the pleasure I feel in seeing you delivered from a condition which had almost given me my death."

Don Sebastian, whom this discourse involved in new perplexities, omitted nothing which he thought might oblige her to a more full discovery of this affair; but her resolution was firm against all his solicitations, knowing too well his temper to trust him with the dreadful secret, till she was assured of his being too far removed to be involved in fresh difficulties. As the house of Don Lewis was but a league from Lisbon, she made choice of that for his retreat, till his affairs were regulated, and she had brought him to submit to his exile by the time prefixed, which was no more than four days after the time of his enlargement; and that but on condition of his not appearing in Lisbon.

As they went very swift, they soon arrived at the house of Don Lewis de Mendocce, who apprized of their arrival, came out of his gates to receive them, with a numerous company, all Suza's kindred or near friends. The first moments were passed in reciprocal caresses and congratulations on this happy change of his sentence. After which, Don Lewis de Mendocce, who was a venerable old nobleman, and greatly respected by Don Sebastian, as having had the care of him since the death of his father, made him and Donna Catharina go with him into his closet, and, after tenderly embracing him, "Don Sebastian," said he, "you have hitherto so well maintained the honour of your family, that I flatter myself you will never swerve from it. One action, which I cannot but call a brave one, has made you very near losing your life; but now, one of your fortitude must preserve it. I have a terrible blow to give you, but the more pain it gives you, the more your courage and resolution will be testified in supporting it. Elvira lives, but must be dead to you—you must think of her no more. In fine, she has exchanged felicity for misery; she has renounced all that is dear to her, and embraced what is most detestable to her; and for the sake of Suza, has yielded to be the wife of Lama.

"I do not say you must altogether extinguish the tenderness you have for her; I will not tell you that a passion, however it may appear laudable to the mind that harbours it, is shameful and criminal, when it passes the bounds prescribed by law; that is the ordinary language of men of my years to those of yours: but I am of a different way of thinking, and should tax you with ingratitude, if you should cease to love Elvira after such a service.—I would have you love her, but with a love discreet,

"respectful, and sensible of the favour she has done you. —But, above all, I would have you obedient to her commands, compliable to her desires, which join to enforce you to take care of a life which has cost her so dear, and which you cannot throw away, without being ungrateful to her. Then" added he, "if what I have said can have any weight with you, I would have you weigh the shame of dying on a scaffold, with the grief of losing a mistress; and your glory will certainly so far triumph over your despair, as to prevent you from committing any extravagance which may reduce you to that fate."

These last words were scarcely intelligible to the unfortunate Sebastian, an universal shivering ran through all his frame, a death like paleness spread itself over his face; and, in spite of all his courage, he fell, without sense or motion, into the arms of Don Lewis, who perceiving his countenance change, ran to him to support him: he was immediately put into a bed; but, in spite of all the remedies they applied, he recovered not his senses for many hours, and when he did, he made no other use of them, than to utter such lamentations, as drew tears from the eyes of all who were witnesses of them.

Donna Catharina, his mother, sat on the bed-side, and, by a thousand tender caresses and consolatory discourses, exhorted him to patience, and a resignation to that which was evidently the divine will: it was just midnight when he came out of prison, and near nine in the morning before they could obtain from him one reasonable word, or were in the least, able to calm the furious disorders of his soul; in fine, all the arguments that could be urged to him, served rather to augment than abate his affliction, and he intreated he might be left alone: the physicians themselves, who were sent for on account of his fainting, finding him in a high fever, forbade his holding any discourse. Every body, therefore, retired, leaving none with him but a Valet de Chambre, named Alvarez, who was the same that was with him in prison, and in whom he placed the most unbounded confidence.

When he found himself at liberty to give a loose to his passions without witnesses: "Alvarez," said he, in a tone which denoted more vigour than his present condition seemed to permit, "I am resolved to die, but I would do it in the presence of Elvira.—I must therefore go to Lisbon; if thy love and fidelity to me be equal to thy pretensions, assist me with the means." Alvarez extremely surprized at this design, said every thing that reason could inspire to dissuade him; on which Don Sebastian started from his bed in the utmost fury, and holding a poignard to his breast, told him, if he would refuse to give him willingly this token of attachment, he would make him obey him through fear. Alvarez then not doubting but he would proceed to some desperate act, promised to do as he desired. The question was then, how to get out of Don Lewis's house unperceived, and where to procure horses with such privacy, that none of the family might be informed of their intention; but Alvarez being prevailed upon to come into his master's measures, undertook for the rest; and the part Don Sebastian had to act was, only to counterfeit a mitigation

of these troubles which now raged with greater violence than ever. The faithful Alvarez exactly performed what was given to his charge, and the desire of seeing Elvira, and expiring at her feet, had more effect on Sebastian, for the recovery of his health, than all the remedies prescribed to him by the physicians.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE CUSTOMS AND PREJUDICES IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

THE women of Madagascar believe that there are fortunate and unfortunate days and hours; and it is a duty of their religion, when any of them are delivered in an unfortunate day or hour, either to expose the infants to be devoured by the wild beasts, to bury them alive, or to strangle them.

In one of the temples of the Empire of Pegu, they educate their virgins. Every year at the festival of the idol, they sacrifice one of these unhappy creatures. The priest in his sacerdotal habit, strips her naked, strangles her, plucks out her heart, and throws it in the idol's face. The sacrifice being ended, the priest dines, then dresses himself in a habit of a horrible form, and dances before the people. In other temples, in the same country, men only are sacrificed. For this purpose they buy a handsome well-made slave, whom they dress in a white robe, and, after washing him three successive mornings, shew him to the people. The fourth day the priest opens his breast, plucks out his heart, sprinkles the idol with his blood, and eats his flesh as sacred food.

In the kingdom of Lao, the Talapoints, who are the priests of the country, can only be judged by the king himself. They go to confession every month; and, being faithful observers of that custom, may commit a thousand abominations with impunity. They so far blind their Princes, that a Talapoin, convicted of passing counterfeit money, was afterwards acquitted by the king, who observed that the seculars ought to be more liberal in their present to him. The most considerable persons in the country think it a great honour to perform the meanest offices for the Talapoints; and none of them will wear a habit that has not been for some time worn by a Talapoin.

When the warriors of Congo advance towards an enemy, if they meet in their way, a hare, a crow, or some other timid animal, they say it is the genius of the enemy come to inform them of their fear; and then fight with intrepidity. But if they hear the crowing of a cock at any other than the usual hour, they deem it a certain preface of a defeat, and therefore resolve not to expose themselves to it. If the crowing of a cock be at the same time heard by both armies, no courage can detain them, for being equally frightened at the fatal omen, they instantly disband themselves, and both armies retire.

When the savage of New-Orleans marches against the enemy with most intrepidity, a dream or the barking of a dog is sufficient to make him return home.

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER XII.

THE USE OF WRITING EARLY, RECOMMENDED FOR CHILDREN: WITH THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS DUTIES THEY SHOULD ACQUIRE, AS CONTENTMENT, &c.

YOU see my beloved friends, I take the first hour my weak state will permit, of pursuing the subject, at almost the conclusion of my last letter. I think I had begun it by saying, that "when the little girls can write well enough to be"—(I now proceed) able to express their thoughts on paper, it would be of infinite service to give them every day a *theme*, on which you are to desire their *sentiments* in writing: for instance, as on charity, sincerity, fortitude, or other noble virtues of the heart; this method would greatly conduce, not only to form their tender minds (as you would at once see *where to correct*, or *where to commend*, the several sentiments of these little performances) but it would also form their *style*; and the infinite variety of the subjects you would properly chuse on this occasion, would be an everlasting fund of rational amusements. I should never have done, if I endeavoured to shew the various pleasures to yourselves, and the many advantages (I presume) which must necessarily flow from this little plan; it would greatly contribute to attain a certain *strength* and *solidity*, which in a *female* mind is often wanting: by this too they would acquire an habit of writing and thinking *justly*. It is the custom of the other sex (I never knew *why*) to look upon *us* in the light of somewhat *below a reasonable* creature; I have often observed, that the conversation of men in general, to our sex, is so *trifling*, as if they thought, that to render their discourse *understood*, it should want every *solid* property with which sense and understanding would invest it. How common and how lamentable is it to hear a man, who is going to explain to one of our sex some subject that is *barely* out of the *common road*, begin with, "I don't know how I shall be able to make *you comprehend* this:—as you are a *woman*, it will be *difficult* to give you an *idea* of it!"

I am inclined to hope, that if my above plan was adopted our *ignorance* would not be so universally *believed*. Methinks I hear some mothers say here, "What, are our girls to be mere pedants then!" a *female* pedant is surely of all characters the most ridiculous and disgusting. But it is much less common, I believe, than that of a *trifling* or an *ignorant* woman. I cannot help lamenting (and a melancholy fact it is) that numbers of our own sex do great harm to the cause of the learning of women, and materially so to that of young girls in particular, by these continual ridiculing sort of sarcasms; "Well! defend me from a *learned* lady! Surely of all things in the world a *bookish* woman is the most ridiculous! A *philosopher* in petticoats is a mighty pretty character truly! If I had a daughter a *poetess*, I should be miserable! I never knew a woman good for any thing who was fond of *scribbling*, and of the *muses*! There are a hundred pretty accom-

plishments for young ladies besides poring over a *book*." Every card-playing woman talks in this manner! while an attentive little girl listens, and consequently imbibes an idea of something ridiculous of what she hears so ludicrously called a *learned* lady. It was possibly a friend of her mama's who uttered this wise harangue, consequently it sinks the deeper in her susceptible mind; and, lest she should be what the above foolish woman calls a *poetess*, or a *learned* lady, she insensibly contracts a disgust for either reading or writing.

A trifling mind is of all things to be avoided. The mind only employed about little things, will soon be rendered unfit for any serious exertion: an habitual *vacancy* will totally destroy it. The *ostentation* of learning is indeed highly *disgusting*—as much so in the men as in us. It has been observed, that remarkable parts for learning more frequently attract *admiration* than procure *esteem*. The great matter is, to let *knowledge* be rendered as *agreeable* as it is *useful*. If my little friends should, under your guiding hand, become as accomplished as I wish them, I know, however *knowing* they may be, you will carefully guard them against speaking *technically*: the most *simple* mode of expression is always the effect of the clearest discernment and of the deepest *knowledge*.

I have often thought, that *much* might be done with children in the article of *teaching*, if our instructions were offered to them as a *favour* or *reward*, instead of *pressing* it upon them as a *task* and *necessary* hardship. This*, I know, is exactly opposite to the practice, I believe, of every school, in England: as their offences are commonly punished by *doubling* the tasks of their scholars; but I humbly conceive the conscious *shame*, or the emulation, which might arise from the above method, of making their *exercises* a matter of *reward* and *approbation*, might be attended with very happy consequences.

Many people disapprove of taking children (I mean of five or six years old) to church, or any place of divine worship: I have heard parents on this head say, "My child had better be *at play*, than confined to sit two hours in a pew at church; for how is it possible such a child can have any idea of God or religion?" But they are greatly mistaken in this particular, undoubtedly it would be impossible to give a child of five years an idea of the more abstruse mysteries of our religion, as Revelation, the Trinity, the Sacraments, &c. but I will maintain, nothing can be more easy (nor any thing *more important*) than to give a child of that age a clear conception of a *God*, of an over-ruling power, which made him and all the world: and this may be done by the plain proofs with which he is surrounded: *this* is the very first knowledge with which their tender minds should be impressed. An intelligent child of five years would easily comprehend that there is a *Being* from whom we have

* The author particularly begs it may here be remembered, that the hints relative to *schools* are meant *wholly* to those of *girls*. She has not the absurdity or presumption to dare to make the least observation on the methods used in our public schools for *boys*; which it is well known, at this period, are not only under the immediate direction of the best and most learned of masters, but are also under the best and wisest regulations.

our breath, the comforts of life and heat—the fruits of the earth; with other the *plainest proofs* of a Creator; that all things are of him, and through him as the *disposing and preserving* cause, and to him as the final end. A child has more early understanding than we imagine, and it has ever been to me a matter of astonishment, that they are in general kept so long in ignorance of the only thing needful, from a ridiculous belief that they are *not capable of such knowledge*.

What shall we say of the opinion of Mr. Rousseau on this head, whose pupil, at the age of *fifteen*, was not to be told whether he had a *soul* or not, nor to be given the least idea of a God or religion, and, for this strange reason—because how should we *believe* what we cannot *comprehend*? or to account for the union of the soul with the body; and yet was ever any one so absurd as *not to believe* it? Can we *comprehend* the astonishing faculties of the brute creation? What stuff is it then to carp at what we cannot *comprehend*! though we have the evidence of our senses to assure us *these things are so*. The authority of divine revelation, confirmed by infinite miraculous instances of a supernatural power, is a very sufficient foundation for the belief of all the mysteries of religion.

(Remainder of this letter in our next.)

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O*****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 141.)

“WHAT do you mean?”——

“It is possible that he may have bribed some of my servants, to give him some secret intelligence, or perhaps some papers which may serve his purpose. One of my domestics has absconded. What reason have I to think that the Arminian is not concerned in his leaving me? Such a connection however, if it exists, may be accidentally discovered; a letter may be intercepted; a servant, who is in the secret, may betray his trust. Now all the consequence of the Arminian is destroyed, if I detect the source of his omniscience. He therefore introduces this Juggler, who must be supposed to have the same or some other design upon me. He takes care to give me early notice of him, and his intentions, so that whatever I may hereafter discover, my suspicions must necessarily rest upon the Sicilian. This is the puppet with which he amuses me, whilst he himself, unobserved and unsuspected, is entangling me in invincible snares.”——

“We will allow this. But is it consistent with the Arminian’s plan, that he himself should destroy the illusion which he has created, and disclose the mysteries of his science to the eyes of the profane?”——

“What mysteries does he disclose? None, surely, which he intends to practise on me. He therefore loses nothing by the discovery. But on the other

“hand, what an advantage will he gain, if this pretended victory over juggling and deception, should render me secure and unsuspecting; if he succeeds in diverting my attention from the right quarter, and in fixing my wavering suspicions on an object the most remote from the real one! If at any time, either from my own doubts, or at the suggestion of another, I should be tempted to seek in the occult sciences for a key to his mysterious wonder, how could he better provide against such an enquiry, than by contrasting his prodigies with the tricks of the Juggler?—By confining the latter within artificial limits, and by deluding, as it were into my hands a scale by which to appreciate them, he naturally exalts and perplexes my ideas of the former. How many suspicions he precludes by this single contrivance! How many methods of accounting for his miracles, which might afterwards have occurred to me he refutes beforehand!”——

“But in exposing such a finished deception, he has very much counteracted his own interest, both by quickening the penetration of those whom he meant to impose upon, and by staggering their belief of miracles in general. If he had such a plan, your highness’s self is the best proof of its insufficiency.”——

“Perhaps he has been mistaken in respect to myself; but his conclusions have nevertheless been well founded. Could he foresee that I should exactly notice the very circumstance which exposes the whole artifice? was it in his plan, that the creature he employed should be so communicative? are we certain that the Sicilian has not far exceeded his commission? He has undoubtedly done so with respect to the ring, and yet it is chiefly this single circumstance which determined my distrust in him. A plan, whose texture is so artful and refined, is easily spoiled in the execution by an awkward instrument. It certainly was not the Arminian’s intention, that the Juggler should speak to us in the style of a mountebank, that he should endeavour to impose upon us such fables as are too gross to bear the least reflection. For instance, with what countenance could this impostor affirm, that the miraculous being he spoke of, renounces all commerce with mankind at twelve in the night? Did not we see him among us at that very hour?”——

“That is true. He must have forgot it.”——

“People of this description naturally overact their parts, and by exceeding every limit of credibility mark the effects which a well managed deception is calculated to produce.”——

“I cannot, however, yet prevail on myself to look upon the whole as a mere contrivance of art. What! the Sicilian’s terror; his convulsive fits; his swoon; the deplorable situation in which we saw him, and which was even such as to move our pity; were all these nothing more than the mimicry of an actor? I allow that a skilful performer may carry imitation to a very high pitch, but he certainly has no power over the organs of life.”——

“As for that, my friend, I have seen *Richard the Third* by Garrick. But were we at that moment sufficiently

"cool to be capable of observing dispassionately? Could we judge of the emotion of the Sicilian, when we were almost overcome by our own? Besides, the decisive crisis even of a deception is so momentous to the deceiver himself, that excessive anxiety may produce in him symptoms as violent as those which surprise excites in the deceived. Add to this the unexpected entrance of the watch."—

"I am glad you mention that, my Prince, would the Arminian have ventured to discover such an infamous scheme to the eye of justice; to expose the fidelity of his creature to such a dangerous test? And for what purpose?"

"Leave that matter to him, he is no doubt acquainted with the people he employs. Do we know what secret crimes may have secured him the discretion of this man? You have been informed of the office he holds at Venice; what difficulty will he find in saving a man, of whom himself is the only accuser?"—

[This suggestion of the prince was but too well justified by the event. For, some days after on enquiring after the prisoner, we were told that he had escaped, and had not since been heard of.]

"You ask what could be his motives for delivering this man into the hands of justice?" continued the Prince. "By what other method, except this violent one, could he have wrested from the Sicilian such an infamous and improbable confession, which, however, was material to the success of his plan? Who but a man, whose case is desperate, and who has nothing to lose, would consent to give so humiliating an account of himself? Under what other circumstances than such as these could we have believed such a confession?"

"I grant all this, my Prince. The two apparitions were mere contrivances of art. The Sicilian has imposed upon us a tale which the Arminian his master had previously taught him. The efforts of both have been directed to the same end, and from this mutual intelligence all the wonderful incidents which have astonished us in this adventure may be easily explained. But the prophecy of the square of St. Mark, that first miracle, which, as it were, opened the door to all the rest, remains still unexplained; and of what use is the key to all his other wonders, if we despair of resolving this single one?"

"Rather invert the proposition, my dear Count, and say, what do all these wonders prove, if I can demonstrate that a single one among them is a manifest deception? The prediction, I own is above my conception. If it stood alone; if the Arminian had closed the scene with it, I confess I do not know how far I might have been carried. But in the base alloy with which it is mixed, it is certainly suspicious. Time may explain, or not explain it; but believe me, my friend!" added the Prince, taking my hand with a grave countenance. "A man, who can command supernatural powers, has no occasion to employ the arts of a juggler; he despises them."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE ship *Bouevia*, of London, burthen about 250 tons, Capt. *Brooks*, Commander, set sail from the coast of Holland, on the 25th of November, 1724, having two pilots, the one English, the other Dutch; his wife was also on board with him.

The day had been fair and clear, but in the evening about six, it blew hard. The gale increased into a violent storm, and continued for about seven hours; during which, the ship was stranded off *Enchuyfen* in the *Texel*.

In order to save themselves, if possible, the men all got into the long-boat, and were just ready to put off; but not having their Captain among them, they called to hasten him down, as the sea ran so high that it even broke the boat, and endangered her beating to pieces against the side of the stranded vessel. The Captain, in this nice and perilous point of time, recollecting that his wife was sea-sick in the cabin, could not bear the thoughts of endeavouring to save himself without her, and was earnestly labouring to bring her along with him: but she, who had heard the men cry out, that the boat would sink under the weight of two persons more, embraced him passionately, and refused to go. She wept, and told him in the most moving manner, that a woman in such an extremity would prove a dangerous incumbrance. She implored him, not to think of dividing his care, but to employ it all for the preservation of his single life, much dearer to her than her own.

For some time he pressed her in vain; but at last prevailed with her to come up with him upon deck, where the first observation they made was, that the boat was out of sight; having been beaten off by the force of the swell, that rose between her and the vessel.

He was gazing speechless in her face in a despair which he found no words to utter, when a billow breaking over the ship washed him head-long into the sea, and left her shrieking, and alone behind him, in a condition so far less supportable than his, that after a succession of the bitterest outcries, she fell forward in a swoon, and sunk senseless after him.

The boat in the mean time endeavoured to return to the ship, and passing providentially near the Captain, who was yet faintly swimming, the men discovered him in the sea, and took him up, quite spent and speechless; in this condition they laid him in the bottom of the boat, and coming along the ship's side, one of the sailors looking up, saw something like a woman, with her arms and cloaths entangled in the shrouds: this was the Captain's wife, who in the moment of her falling forward, had been supported against that part of the rigging. She was still in a swoon, but so beloved by the mariners, that they redoubled their efforts to get her on board, that they might have it in their power to save her. They were so fortunate that they found means to lift her into the boat, where they laid her, dead to all appearance, by her husband who was in the same condition. They put off again, and with great difficulty, got on shore upon one of the islands in the *Texel*, where the Captain coming to himself, told his men, that they would have done more kindly, had they let him perish in the sea;

since the life they had enforced upon him, must forever be embittered by the memory of her unhappy end, for whose sake only he had thought it worth wishing for. His wife was now recovering, and near enough to hear.

They flew into each others arms. And it is easier to imagine than describe, what they thought, and said, on so transporting an occasion.

This relation was faithfully taken from the mouth of a gentleman, who was an eye-witness of the providential particulars.

A CURE FOR A COMMON SWEARER.

THE present Duke of Gordon's grandfather being one night at a village called Huntly, on a journey southward; while he enjoyed himself with his friends in a room fronting the street, a company of a marching regiment was drawn up under the windows to answer to the muster-roll, and to have their cloaths examined by their officer. The gentleman who had probably been raised from the ranks, more for his courage than his breeding, had a strong inclination to find fault: and whenever any thing displeased him, imprecated damnation upon himself and the men.

The Duke, who had an utter abhorrence to common swearing, was uneasy, and expressed his warm wishes that the review might quickly be over. If your Grace, said one of his retinue, will excuse my farther attendance upon this journey. I will clear the coast of this man of words, without noise or bloodshed. 'Tis a bargain, said his Grace. On this the gentleman stepped down into the street, took his station behind the officer, pulled off his hat, and as the first swore, the other, with the grave solemnity of a parish clerk, pronounced aloud, Amen! The officer turning hastily about, asked the gentleman, what he meant? I am joining with you in prayer, said he. I thank you, Sir, said the officer; but I have no farther need of a clerk upon this occasion.---Soldiers! to the right about!--March. The Duke and his company, who witnessed this droll scene from the windows, were much diverted; and Mr. Jones (for that was the gentleman's name) had leave to return to his own house next morning.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY,

With an allegorical description of her person.

AS you are a tenant at will, in a very handsome and genteel house, and are now capable of furnishing it in the politest manner, ruling it by the maxims of œconomy and decorum, permit a friend to give a few cursory hints, in an affair of so much importance.

Your building is composed of some of the finest materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any flaw or spot that may accidentally touch it; it is erected of a proper height, a just size, reared on a regular plan, and furnished with the most accurate proportion; on the top stands an eminent turret furnished with a room of globular form, which I observe has two crystal windows in the front; these are so constructed as to

be exceedingly useful, as they command an extensive prospect, and if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great ornament to the house. I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes by; be sure to shut them soon at night, and you may open them as soon as you please in the morning; In each side I discover a small portal to receive company; take care they don't always stand open, for then you will be crowded with visitors and perhaps with many such as you will not like; let them never be shut against the instructing parent, the advising friend, or the supplicating orphan. I took notice of one gate in front, at which all your company go out; let that generally be barred close---be cautious what visitors you let out publicly, lest any of ill character be seen coming from it, and you draw a scandal upon your house---It will be necessary therefore to lay a strict injunction of vigilance on your two porters who stand centinels in liveries of the deepest scarlet, just without the ivory palisadoes. I have seen some people paint the two pannels just below the windows, but I would advise you to the contrary, for your natural colours far exceed all the decorations of art; beneath this is the great hall in which you have a small closet of exquisite workmanship---this is the place I suppose of your secret retirement, open to none but yourself or some intimate friend. I advise you to keep this always clean, furnished well; make it a little library of the first practical authors, and visit it frequently, especially when you return home from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance, which you have met at the tea-table. Let the outside of the house not appear like a hall hung round with escutcheons, nor like a coach of state bedaubed with gilt and colouring, but let it be plain, neat and clean, to convince the world that it is kept more for use than ornament. You are sensible time effaces the beauty and demolishes the strength of the noblest structure, and therefore will not be surprised to find your little tenement subject to the same change; doubtless it has often wanted repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain intimations that the house will one day fall; you may soon be turned out---the landlord may give you warning or may not, this is uncertain; be ever ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest notice. One thing I would observe too, is that when you quit the house, no other tenant will inhabit it, but, it will lie in ruins; yet the proprietor will some time or other rebuild it for your reception in a more durable manner, with the same materials, but so refined and modified, that it will be liable to no accident or decay, and as it is absolutely necessary that your habitation be renewed in some other place, I heartily wish it may be in a fine country, under a milder climate, and well sheltered from all storms---then will your situation be happy and honourable, and your lease expire.

N E W - Y O R K.

MARRIED---On the 31st ult. Mr. THOMAS RICH, to Miss PHOEBE VAN GELDER, both of this city.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

T O A M A N D A.

AMANDA! I cannot conceal,
How much I admire and approve
The frankness with which you reveal,
Since you find you can't conquer your love.

How many a fair one has pin'd,
And travell'd thro' life all alone,
Before she'd unburthen her mind,
And make her uneasiness known.

But no longer shall custom prevail,
In defiance of reason and sense;
Amanda has dar'd to assail
The monster, and banish'd him hence.

Disdaining the hypocrite's art,
She offers, explicit and clear,
To give up her hand and her heart,
Whenever her swain shall appear.

Then Damon, Oh! shorten thy stay,
Leave the East and its pleasures behind,
This instant thy canvas display,
And fly on the wings of the wind.

What pleasure has man here below,
So extatic, so nearly divine,
As stemming the torrent of woe,
And that pleasure, blest youth! may be thine.

To the call of the mourner repair,
The demon of anguish controul,
Dispel the dark clouds of despair,
And whisper sweet peace to her soul.

ESCULAPIUS.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

O N G O D ' S O M N I P O T E N C Y .

URANIA, daring Muse, arise,
In lofty numbers sing
To the great Monarch of the skies,
The Universal King:

Tell how he reigns begirt with light,
High on his awful throne;
Sways the wide realms of ancient Night,
And rules his works alone.

He makes the blust'ring winds engage,
The stormy ocean roar;
Anon becalm'd, forget its rage,
And sleep upon the shore.

The winged tempest he commands,
And rugged storms obey;
Sweep dreadful o'er the frightened lands,
Or gently die away.

Fair CYNTHIA sheds her silver rays,
And then her light withdraws;
And planets roll, and comets blaze
By his almighty laws.

The shining armies round his throne
Eternal homage pay;
While devils thudder at his frown,
And own his sov'reign sway.

His power, in a majestic strain,
URANIA faintly sings;
Attempts to reach the theme in vain,
And folds her flagging wings.

This awful God in combat dire,
What being dares oppose?
Undaunted face his dreadful ire,
Or in fierce battles close.

When proud the great *Apostate* grew,
And with vain glory swell'd
Millions of warring angels drew,
Rebellious, to the field.

How soon was that bright MORNING-STAR,
Who high in glory shone,
With all his dazzling troops of war,
Before him overthrown!

Plung'd into *Tophet's* dark profound,
And doom'd to endless pain;
On fiery racks and tortures bound,
To never rise again.

What then will poor frail mortals do,
Who dare transgress his word,
When he shall rise and bend his bow,
And whet his glitt'ring sword?

When GABRIEL's trump the day proclaims,
And he in grandeur comes;
Sets the wide earth on burning flames,
And cleaves the sleeping tombs!

Far on the left in wild despair,
Methinks I see them plac'd;
And hear their angry judge declare
They ne'er shall see his rest.

While thick around the dismal forms
Of black damnation rise,
And hurry the defenceless worms
For ever from the skies.

Down headlong to the gulphs of hell,
Beneath eternal chains;
Infinite years condemn'd to dwell
With misery and pains.

Then O my soul, mark well thy ways,
Nor dare oppose his will;
But strive thy few remaining days,
His statutes to fulfil.

Vengeance from this almighty LORD,
Shall bold blasphemers have;
But those that hearken to his word,
His arm is strong to save.

SCEARSDEAL, Sept. 1, 1792.

ETHICUS.